

БЕЛЫЙ ГОРОД
СИБИРЬ

СИБИРЬ И САХАРНЫЙ КОМПЛЕКС

СИБИРЬ

А БЕЛЫЙ ГОРОД УЖЕ ПРИКАЗ

СИБИРЬ И САХАРНЫЙ КОМПЛЕКС

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410



THE

ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

Line for Line,

BY THE REV. GEORGE MACKIE,



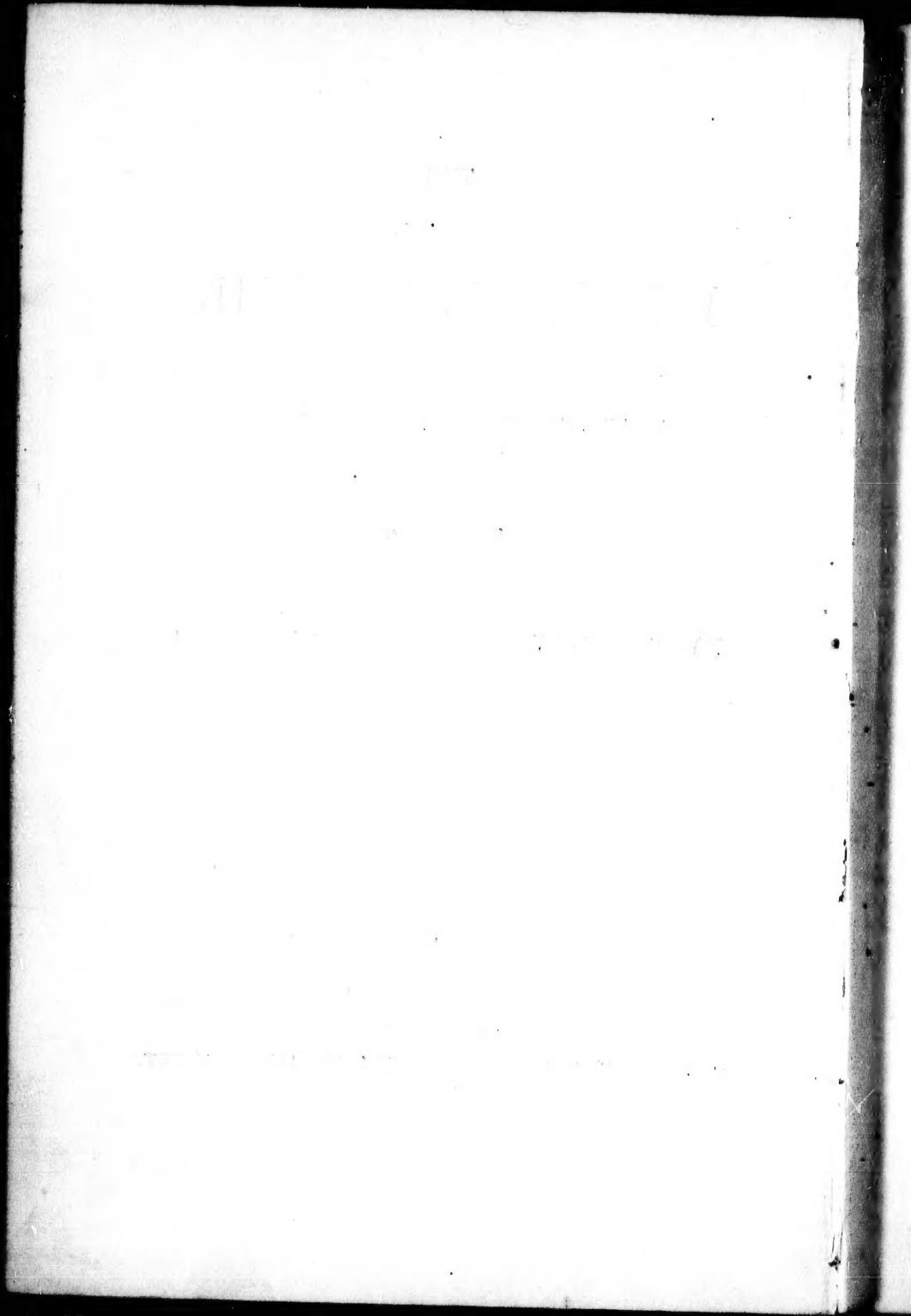
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ECLOGUE I.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH this spreading beech, a sylvan lay,
You, Tityrus, on your oaten pipe essay :
Our homes, our pleasant fields, we leave behind,
Our country fly ; while you, to ease resign'd,
“ Fair Amaryllis ” teach the echoing glade.

TITYRUS.

A God this quiet, Melibœus, made :
For aye a God I'll deem him :--on his shrine,
Full many a lamb shall bleed, from folds of mine,

He willed that these my cows at large should stray,
And I, on rustic pipe, securely play.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but wonder :—such distress
On all sides ! Fainting, lo ! I onward press,
My goats : and this scarce, Tityrus, drag along.
She twins, just yeaned yon hazel clumps among,
Has left, the flock's last hope, on flints to lie.
Yet—
but my mind could nought aright descry—
Oft did the riven oaks predict the blow,
Oft from the withered holm, th' ill-boding crow :—
But, Tityrus, who is he ?—this God ?—explain.

TITYRUS.

That city, Rome, they call it, I was fain
To rate by this of ours, where oft with stock
Of weanlings we resort, who tend the flock.

stray,

Thus dogs in whelps, in kids their mothers' race
I've marked, and great by smaller things could trace.
But she all cities else beneath her sees,
Far as the cypress dwarf way-faring trees.

MELIBOEUS.

What cause so grave, to visit Rome constrained ?

TITYRUS.

'Twas freedom, which, though slow, to see me deigned ;
What time, when clipt, all silvery fell my beard :
To see me deigned, and there at length appear'd.
Now, Galatea gone, Amaryllis reigns.
For bound, I own, by Galatea's chains,
I nor for freedom hoped, nor cared for gold.
And what though many a victim left my fold,
And richest cheese the thankless town supplied ;
Home, empty-handed, as before, I hied.

ECLOGUE I.

MELIBŒUS.

Sad Amaryllis ! why---methought---those vows ?
For whom the fruits, yet hanging on thy boughs ?
Far hence was Tityus : Tityrus ! every tree
And every rill, and coppice called on thee.

TITYRUS.

What should I do ? To ceaseless thrall consign'd,
Not elsewhere could I hope for Gods so kind.
That youth there, Melibœus, met my eyes,
To whom, for twice six days, our yearly offerings rise ;
'Twas there, my suit preventing, thus he spoke :
“ Feed swains, as erst, your cows ; your oxen yoke.”

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man ! whose lands remain thy own ;
And large enough : what though the naked stone

ECLOGUE I.

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And fen with slimy reeds, o'erspread the farm ;
Nor change of food thy teeming dams shall harm,
Nor foul disease from neighbouring flocks annoy.
Happy old man ! who may'st the cool enjoy
Stretch'd by known streams and sacred rills at ease.
This hedge-row here, where swarm th' Hyblæan bees,
To taste the sweets its sallow blooms disclose,
Shall oft with hummings woo thee to repose.
Here 'neath the rock the pruner trill his air :
Nor cease hoarse doves the while, thy darling care,
Nor from the lofty elm the turtle's wail.

TITYRUS.

Yes ! the fleet stags shall feed upon the gale,
Seas leave their fishes gasping on the shore ;
The Parthian and the German, wanderers o'er
Each other's bounds, of Saone and Tigris drink,
Ere his fond image to oblivion sink.

ECLOGUE I.

MELIBŒUS.

But we, to Afric some must hence away :
Some far as Scythia, or Crete's swift Oaxes stray,
Or Britain severed from the world beside---
Shall I, when distant summers onward glide,
Shall I behold my turf-built cot again,
And gaze with pride upon my own domain ?
Must all this tillage be a soldiers prey ?
These crops the strangers's ? See to what the sway
Of strife has led ! for whom we sowed our grain !
Pears, Melibœus, graft : the vineyard train :
Away, my goats, away, once happy flock ;
No more may I, as from the shrubby rock
Ye hang, look up, in verdant grot reclin'd,
Nor sing again, nor teach you where to find
The flowering withe and racy sallow trees.

TITYRUS.

Yet you this night, with me can take your ease ;
Your bed fresh foliage, apples ripe for cheer,
And chesnuts soft, and curds in store are here.
Already smoke the distant village halls,
And from the heights, a lengthening shadows falls.

ECLOGUE II.

YOUNG Corydon for fair Alexis burned,
His lord's delight : nor hoped for love returned.
Yet he full oft 'mid beechen glades would stray ;
And there alone, would fondly breathe this lay,
To hill and grove in artless numbers borne :--
O harsh Alexis, thus my plaint to scorn !
You heed me not, and will at last destroy.
The cattle now the cooling shade enjoy ;
Green lizards find a shelter in the brakes ;
And Thestylis, of thyme and garlic, makes
A savoury mess for reapers faint with heat :
While in the scorching sun I track your feet,



ECLOGUE II.

And the copse rings with grasshoppers and me,
Better be doomed Am'ryllis' frowns to see,
Or smiles disdainful ! and Menalcas' too !
Though he is swarthy, and so fair are you.
Sweet boy, not thus on charms of hue presume,
Dark hyacinths are culled, unsought white privets bloom--
But you, Alexis, care not whence I came,
What snow-white flocks, and store of milk I claim.
My thousand lambs Sicilian mountains graze,
Nor fails my milk in cold or summer days.
I trill the strains with which Amphion led
His herds, on Attic Aracynthus fed.
Nor am I so uncouth ; that form if true
Which late the sea's smooth mirror gave to view ;
Nor Daphnis I, yourself the judge, would fear.
Then deign with me, though mean my fields appear,
In lowly cots to dwell, the stag to chase,
And with green switch to drive the kids apace,

With me in woods, Pan's tuneful numbers try.
'Twas Pan the reeds with waxen bands to tie
First taught ; Pan sheep and shepherds makes his care.
Then blush not if the reed your lip should wear ;
Such lore how gladly had Amyntas known !
A pipe of seven unequal joints, I own :
A present which Damoetas, dying, made,
And "Thee it claims its second master," said
Thus he : With envy weak Amyntas pined.
I chanced too, in a dangerous pass to find
Twin kids, yet flecked with white ; each day they drain
Two ewes of milk : these I for you retain.
Long time has Thestylis desired the prize :
And let her have a boon which you despise.
Yet come, sweet boy ! See Nymphs their lilies bear
In baskets full for you : the Naiad fair
Pale violets and poppy-heads combines,
And fragrant anise with Narcissus twines.

Then cassia round and scented herbs infolds,
And shades with berries dark the marigolds.
Myself will cull the peach with down so white,
And chesnuts, erst Am'ryllis own delight,
And plums will add, so honoured for your sake.
You laurels, and thee myrtle, next I'll take :
Since ye thus blent soft odours interweave.
Fond swain ! nor gifts Alexis will receive,
Nor would Iolas be in gifts surpassed :
Ah me ! that name !---to flow'rs the southern blast,
And to the crystal springs the boars I've brought.
Whom shun you, senseless ? Woods the Gods have sought,
And Dardan Paris. What if Pallas dwell
In her own tow'rs ? the woods may please us well.
Grim lioness the wolf pursues, and he
The goat, and wanton goat the blooming willow tree ;
I Corydon Alexis,---choice our law :
See home their trailing shares the oxen draw ;

A two-fold shade the sun at parting throws :
Yet me love burns. How bounds to love impose ?
What madness, Corydon, ah Corydon !
Thy vine yet droops the leafy elm upon,
Why not thy mind to useful labours turn,
And crates to weave of rush or osier learn ?
Another thou wilt find, if this Alexis spurn. }
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pose ?

ECLOGUE III.

MENALCAS.

DAMÆTAS, say, are those Mel'bœus' sheep ?

DAMÆTAS.

No ; but the flock which Ægon bade me keep.

MENALCAS.

Ah luckless sheep ! while he Neæra plies,
And dreads lest I find favour in her eyes ;
Twice by the hour, yon hireling milks the dams,
And enervates the flock, and cheats the lambs.

DAMÆTAS.

Less freely charges against men advance.
We know by whom--the he-goats looked askance,
And in what fane--though Nymphs were pleased to smile.

MENALCAS.

They saw, methinks, on Mycons' props the while
And vines, with jagged hook I dealt the blow.

DAMÆTAS.

Or when by those old beech trees, Daphnis' bow
And arrows thou didst break :--ah ! paltry swain--
Thou griev'd'st to see that boy the prize obtain,
And unrevenged hadst died for very spite.

MENALCAS.

When varlets thus--what may not lords of right ?
Did I not see you, O consummate knave,
Snare Damon's goat ?--loud tongue the mongrel gave,

And while I cried : " Where slinks he now away ?
" Tityrus, the flock collect :" behind the sedge you lay.

DAMÆTAS.

And what if fairly worsted he retained
A goat, the prize which my good pipe had gained ?
Know that same goat was mine : and this to me
Owned Damon's self : but pleaded poverty.

MENALCAS.

Worsted by you ! are you perchance possest
Of any pipe ? in by-ways skilled at best
To mar with squeaking straws some wretched air !

DAMÆTAS.

Shall we what each may boast of skill, compare
By turns ? This heifer, which (lest you gainsay)
Twice seeks the pail, and feeds two calves a day,
I pledge : now name the wager you can make.

MENALCAS.

Nought could I venture from the flock to stake :
My sire and step-dame daily reckonings keep,
And twice each counts the kids, and both the sheep.
But since you will be mad,---and you must say
They're better far---two beechen bowls I lay,
A work heav'n-born Alcimedon designed :
Around their rims a vine, with skill entwined,
Flings o'er pale ivy wreaths its drapery.
There's Conon on the sides---and---who was he
That taught how far the bounds of earth extend,
And when the swain should reap, when o'er the ploughshare
bend ?
By lip unsoled, they yet in store are laid.

DAMETAS.

Like bowls for me Alcimedon has made :
Has with their handles bears-foot interlaced ;
And Orpheus on the sides, the woods his suite, has traced.

By lip unsoled, they yet in store are laid.

But these the heifer throws into the shade.

MENALCAS.

You 'scape not thus : such arts are lost on me,

Let who first comes be judge : Palæmon see !

I'll teach you now from boasting to refrain.

DAMÆTAS.

On, do your best ; I ask not time to gain :

And fear no judge. Our good Palæmon, lend,

Close heed: 'tis for no trifle, we contend.

PALÆMON.

Sing then, this sward a seat convenient seems ;

And now each field, each tree with promise teems :

The woods are green, the year is in its prime.

Damætas first, Menalcas next in time,

Alternate sing :---The Muses love th' alternate rhyme.

C



DAMÆTAS.

Jove first ; ye Muses ! Jove is every where :
He decks the earth, he makes my songs his care.

MENALCAS.

Me Phœbus loves : with me are ever near
Bays and sweet hyacinth, to Phœbus dear.

DAMÆTAS.

Me Galatea pelts with fruit : the quean
Flies to the copse ; nor hopes to fly unseen.

MENALCAS.

My flame, Amyntas aye to me has flown :
Nor to my dogs is Delia better known.

DAMÆTAS.

A keepsake for my love ! I've marked with care
The spot, where doves aloft their nest prepare.

MENALCAS.

My boy ten rosy wildings, gleaned with pain,
I've sent; to-morrow, I will send again.

DAMÆTAS.

How oft breathed Galatea strains so sweet!
Waft, gales, some accents, ears divine to greet.

MENALCAS.

What boots it that Amyntas you are kind,
If, while the boar you chase, the toils I mind?

DAMÆTAS.

My birthday this, Iolas! Phyllis send:
When th' harvest calf I slay, thyself attend.

MENALCAS.

Tears, when I left, my best loved Phyllis shed,
And: "Beauteous, fare thee well," Iolas, said.

DAMÆTAS.

Wolves rend the folds ; and rains the standing corn :
And winds the trees ; me Amaryllis' scorn.

MENALCAS.

Spring wheat rain cheers ; and weanlings th' arbute tree ;
Withes teeming kine ; Amyntas only me.

DAMÆTAS.

Our strain so homely Pollio loves to hear :
A heifer, Muses, for your patron rear.

MENALCAS.

Aye, Pollio's self writes verse : A bull be found
That threatens with budding brow, and spurns the ground.

DAMÆTAS.

Who loves thee Pollio, those thine honours share ?
For him flow honey, spicè the bramble bear !

ECLOGUE III.

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MENALCAS.

Who Bavius hates not, Mœvius, love thy notes !
Yoke foxes he, that stile, and milk he-goats !

DAMÆTAS.

Ye swains, who flow'rets pluck and strawberries,
'Ware ! in that grass a cold snake ambushed lies.

MENALCAS.

Less freely range my ewes, nor heedless try
Yon bank ; the ram yet seeks his fleece to dry.

DAMÆTAS.

Ho ! Tityrus, from that stream my she-goats bring :
All in good time, I'll wash them at the spring.

MENALCAS.

Swains, pen the ewes : in vain, when summer heats
Have dried the milk, we'll squeeze, as erst, the teats.

DAMÆTAS.

Alas ! my bull how lank, where grass abounds !
'Tis love the herd, 'tis love the herdsman wounds.

MENALCAS.

Here love is not to blame---and yet they pine !
Some spell destroys these tender lambs of mine.

DAMÆTAS.

Say where, and great Apollo thou shalt be,
One scarce three ells of heaven's expanse can see.

MENALCAS.

Say where, inscribed with many a kingly name
Spring flowers ; and Phyllis without rival claim.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not for me such contests to decide :
The heifer each deserves, and all beside
Who know love's fearful joys, or anxious thrill.
Swains close the dikes ; the meads have drunk their fill.

ECLOGUE IV.

SICILIAN Muses, yet a loftier theme !
Not shrubs, and lowly tamarisks, all beseem :
What groves we sing, should claim a Consul's ear ;
Dawns that last age foretold by Cumæ's seer ;
Their cycles changed, the years revolve again :
The Virgin now returns, and Saturn's reign,
And a new progeny descends to earth.
But smile on him, at whose auspicious birth,
The iron race shall yield to that of gold,
O chaste Lucina ! thine Apollo king behold.
This glory shall thy consulship enhance
Pollio ; and thence the mighty months advance :

Our leader thou, whate'er remains of crime
Shall harmless prove for all succeeding time.
He shall with Gods consort, and, Gods among,
Observe, himself observed, the heroes throng :
And o'er glad earth, his sway paternal wield.
But first for thee, O babe, th' uncultured field
Shall, twined with lady's glove, the ivy spray,
And bears-foot, wreathed with fragrant bean, display,
The goats untended to the pail shall speed,
And herds no more the lion's strength shall heed.
Thy very cradle shall with flow'rets bloom,
The snake and treacherous bane shall meet their doom :
From every soil, Assyrian spikenard rise.
But when of heroes, and thy sire's emprise,
'Tis thine to read, and deem of valour's due :
The tender corn shall glow with golden hue,
The blushing grape shall hang on brambles rude,
And dewy honey from hard oaks exude.

Yet shall enough of olden guile be found
To tempt the sea in ships, to wall around
The cities, and with furrows earth to tear.
A Tiphys shall arise, an Argo bear
Her chosen heroes ; wars anew prevail ;
And great Achilles Troy once more assail.
But when thy riper age the man declares,
The seaman's craft shall cease ; no ship for wares
Shall ply, each land shall every fruit bestow.
No share the glebe, no hook the vine shall know :
The sturdy ploughman shall his steers untie.
Nor wool shall learn to wear a foreign dye :
But in the meads, the ram, with purple bloom,
Shall tinge his fleece, or saffron hues assume.
And scarlet clothe the lambkins as they feed :
“ Our spindles these so happy ages speed ”
The Parcœ said, whom Fate's firm bond unites.
Then come, expected long, assert thy rights,

Bright offspring of the Gods, of Jove create,
See the great globe intent thy rule await.
The lands, the sea's expanse, the heavens sublime---
See how all welcome on th' approaching time !
O let me yet obtain such length of days,
With just enough of breath to sing thy praise !
And me nor Thracian Orpheus shall transcend,
Nor Linus ; though their parents aid extend,
And this Calliope, Apollo that befriend.
Copes Pan, the umpire Arcady, with me ?
Pan's self shall yield, the umpire Arcady.
Begin sweet babe to know thy mother's smile ;
And of ten tedious months the qualms beguile.
Begin sweet babe,---who no such smile has seen,
Shall have no God for guest, nor Goddess wife I ween.

ECLOGUE V.

MENALCAS.

Why, since we've met, both, Mopsus, famed for skill,
Thou reeds to tune, and I the verse to trill,
Sit we not here, 'mid elms with hazels blent ?

MOPSUS.

The elder thou, Menalcas, I consent ;
Be shades by Zephyrs wafted to and fro,
Or yonder cave thy choice :---a wild vine lo !
With clusters rare, has mantled o'er the cave.

MENALCAS.

Thee but Amyntas on our hills would brave.

MOPSUS.

And what if he Apollo's self defy ?

MENALCAS.

Begin ; let Phyllis' loves a theme supply,
Or Alcon's praise, or Codrus' strife essay ;
Begin ; here Tityrus with the kids shall stay.

MOPSUS.

What late I carved upon the beech, (I sung
And carved, by turns, as o'er the work I hung)
I'll try : his part then bid Amyntas bear---

MENALCAS.

As limber willow yields to olive fair,
Or lowly spikè to rose of crimson glow,
So yields Amyntas, matched with thee, I trow.

MOPSUS.

But shepherd, now no more :---the cave we've gained.
How Nymphs of Daphnis' cruel death complained
Ye hazels and ye streams full sure could tell :
When on her son's loved corse the mother fell,
And raved at heaven, and called the stars unkind.
O Daphnis, in those days nor swain could mind
His full fed steers by cooling brooks to lead :
Nor beast would taste the stream, or crop the mead.
That Afric's lions, O Daphnis, mourned thy fate
The shaggy mountains and the woods relate,
'Twas Daphnis first Armenian tigers broke,
'Twas Daphnis taught to bear the Bacchic yoke,
And round the flexile lance the wreaths to twine.
As vines the trees, as clusters grace the vine,
As bulls the herd, and crops the fields adorn,
So thou didst thine !---Since thou from hence art torn,
These lands both Pales and Apollo leave ;

O'er furrows, wont rich barley to receive,
Vile tare, and barren oats now lord at will ;
For violet soft, and purple daffodil,
The bur or bramble rears a prickly head.
Go strew with leaves the ground, the rills o'erspread
With bowers, ye swains ; 'twas Daphnis' dying pray'r ;
And raise a tomb, and grave this record there :
“ I Daphnis of the woods, was famed on high,
“ A comely flock I fed, more comely I.”

MENALCAS.

Thy song, O bard divine, to me is sweet
As rest on grassy couch ; or as, when heat
Has parched, the draught fresh sparkling from the spring.
Thy master's peer, 'tis thine to play or sing,
Blest youth, and next to him thy place to claim.
But we, as best we may, a verse would frame ;

And raise thy Daphnis to the stars above,
E'en to the stars, for we too shared his love.

MOPSUS.

What boon to me like pleasure could convey ?
The swain deserves thy song ; besides, that lay
Long since did Stimicon with praises cite.

MENALCAS.

Bright Daphnis heaven's high courts, with strange delight,
And clouds and stars beneath his feet descries.
Hence Mirth the woods and all the country plies,
And Pan, the shepherds and the Dryads fair.
No more to flocks the wolf, to stags the snare
Destruction plots ; good Daphnis peace ordains.
Their joy rude mountains, with exulting strains,
Tell to the stars ; and rocks and shrubs the song,
Menalcas, lo ! "a God a God ;" prolong.

read
pray'r ;

the spring.

O bless thine own ! Four altars rise to view !---
Lo ! Daphnis two for thee, for Phoebus two.
Each year two cups of foaming milk as thine,
And of rich oil, two bowls I will assign.
But chief of Bacchus' cheer shall draughts be made,
In winter, by the hearth ; at harvest, in the shade.
In Chian jars rare nectar will I bring,
While Lyctian Ægon and Damætas sing,
And Alphes'bœus mocks the Satyr's dance.
When to the Nymphs with offerings we advance,
Or walk our bounds, these wonted gifts expect.
While boar shall heights, while fish shall streams affect,
Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew,
Thy rites and name and praise shall aye be new.
With Bacchus and with Ceres thou shalt share
The ploughman's yearly vows ; and bind him to his pray'r.

MOPSUS.

O how requite thee for such strains as these ?
Not the faint whisper of the rising breeze,
Not shores by surges lashed, could charm me so ;
Nor streams, as down the rocky dells they flow.

MENALCAS.

But first accept this reed, on which I learned,
How "Corydon for fair Alexis burned"
And eke that strain : "Are those Mel'bœus' sheep?"

MOPSUS.

This crook, Antigenes so longed to keep,
(And lovely he who failed my mind to shake)
Bright with match'd studs and brass, Menalcas take.

ECLOGUE VI.

My Muse first deigned in Doric verse to sport,
Nor blushed to make the woodlands her resort.
But when of kings and wars I sung, my ear
Apollo twitched, and---“ Tityrus,” said “ to rear
“ Fat sheep be thine, and home-spun verse to frame”--
Now, Varus, since there lack not who shall aim
To sound thy praise, and note thy dread campaigns,
I the shrill pipe will tune to rural strains--
Strains not denied : yet these, whoe’er may see
Shall find how tamarisks, Varus, sing of thee,
Of thee each grove : nor Phoebus more delights
Than in the page which Varus’ name recites.

On Muses !---Chromis and Mnasylus spied
Silenus in a cave with slumbers plied ;

His veins yest'ren's accustomed cheer betray ;
While fall'n to the ground his chaplets lay,
And by its well worn ear his tankard hung.
Oft cheated of the promised song, they flung
Around him bands, from his own chaplets made.
To join them, **Ægle** comes with timely aid,
Ægle of Naiads fairest, and applies
Red mulberries to his brow, while he half opes his eyes.
He, smiling at the trick : " Why forge these chains ?
" Sufficient the surprise ; come loose me, swains,
" I'll sing the song ye want ; but her I'll pay
" In other coin," nor did he more delay.
Then had ye seen the Fauns and Satyrs dance,
And stately oaks with heads inclined, advance.
Not Phœbus, crag Parnassian honours thus,
Not Orpheus, Rhodope and Ismarus.
He sung how, through the mighty void propell'd,
The germs of earth, and air, and sea were held

With liquid fire combined ; whence all things came,
And this young earth grew up into a frame.
How the soil hardening 'gan confine the seas,
And varying forms assume by slow degrees.
How lands the sun's new beams beheld amazed,
And rains distilled from clouds in air upraised :
When first the woods their leafy covert reared,
And beasts unfrequent in the wilds appeared.
He tells of Pyrrha's stones, of Saturn's reign,
Caucasian birds, Prometheus' lawless gain ;
Adds, how the crew missed Hylas from that spring,
And made the shores with "Hylas," "Hylas" ring.
Then her, who loved the snow-white steer, how blest
If herds had never been ! he soothes to rest.
What frenzy thee, ah hapless virgin ! thrilled ?
Fields with mock lowings Prætus' daughters filled :
Yet none of them for herds a lust so vile
Conceived ; though each had feared the plough the while,

And felt, for budding horns, her polished brow.
Thou roam'st the heights, ah hapless virgin thou !
Prop't on soft hyacinth, his snowy side,
He chews the cud, by dark holm canopied,
Or wantons with the herd.—“ Dictœan maids
“ Surround, surround each opening in the glades :
“ If haply to our eyes may yet appear
“ Some traces of his feet. Perchance the steer,
“ By fresher meads, or cows enticed to stray,
“ Now to Gortyna’s stalls pursues his way.”—
He sings the maid by golden fruits undone :
Then wraps, the sisters round of Phaeton
Bark-moss, and rears tall alders from the ground ;
Next sings of Gallus, by Permessus found,
How the Muse led him to th’ Aonian seat,
And Phœbus’ choir uprose the bard to greet ;
And Linus, he the swain, of song divine,
Flow’rs with whose hair, and bitter parsley twine,

Address'd him : " Take, the Muses give the ~~reed~~
" They gave th' Ascroean sage, thus went to lead
" The sturdy ashes from the hills above :
" On this so praise the famed Gyncean grove,
" That Phœbus there may most delight to dwell."
Why now with him of Nisus' daughter tell,
Round whose fair loins those howling monsters brood,
Who whelmed Dulichian ships, and 'neath the flood,
Gave to sea dogs, 'tis said, the trembling crew ?
Why tell how those new limbs of Tereus grew ?
What stores to feast him Philomel had brought,
Or with what speed the wilds she luckless sought,
And what was once her palace, fluttered o'er ?

All that, so blest as Phœbus mused of yore,
Eurotas heard, and bade his bays retain,
He sings ; the vales to heaven repeat the strain.
Till Vesper, climbing loth Olympus' steep,
Has warned to gather, and to count the sheep.

ECLOGUE VII.

MELIBŒUS.

As Daphnis sat where sighed a holm o'erspread,
Thyrsis and Corydon their flocks had led,
Sheep Thyrsis, Corydon milch goats, that way ;
Both blooming youths, Arcadians both were they :
Well match'd in song, and prompt to test their skill.
Now while my myrtles, lest the frost should kill,
I fence, the husband of the flock has stray'd :
I Daphnis spy---he thus, with ready aid :
“ Come Melibœus, safe thy goat and kids,

“ Here rest thee in the shade, if naught forbids.
“ The steers to drink will hither cross the mead,
“ Here Mincius verdant banks has fringed with reed,
“ And swarms from out the sacred oak resound.”
What should I do ? nor was Alcippe found,
Nor Phyllis, who to pen the lambs, might care.
But Corydon with Thyrsis---a great match was there !---
To weightier things that pastime I preferr'd,
Thus how they sung alternate strains I heard :
Such strains, for so the Muses willed, they chose,
And these sung Corydon, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON.

Libethrian Nymphs, my sole delight, such art
As ye on Codrus have bestowed, impart :
He next to Phœbus ranks, if vain the suit ;
Here from this sacred pine, shall hang my flute.]

THYRSIS.

With ivy wreaths your rising bard requite,
Arcadian swains, till Codrus burst with spite ;
Or round these brows, a fence of spikenard raise,
Lest his foul tongue assail with artful praise.

CORYDON.

This bristling boar's head, and these antlers see,
Which little Mycon, Delia, brings to thee.
Still smile, and thou of marble whole, shalt stand,
And for thy buskin wear a purple band.

THYRSIS.

These cakes and milk, our yearly gift, expect :
There's but a patch, Priapus, to protect.
We've made thee now of marble ; if the fold
With increase teem, thou shalt be all of gold.

CORYDON.

Nymph Galaty, than thyme more sweet I ween,
Than swans more fair, more bright than ivy's sheen :
Soon as fed bullocks to their stalls repair,
O come, if thou for Corydon dost care.

THYRSIS.

Me than Sardonic herbs more tart esteem,
Than furze more rough, more vile than sea-weed deem ;
If a whole year drags long as this one day.
Hence home, my full-fed steers, for shame ! away.

CORYDON.

Rills, clothed with moss, and grass than sleep more soft,
And verdant arbute's scanty screen aloft,
My flock protect :---fierce summer now is near ;
On joyous vine the swelling buds appear.

THYRSIS.

Here's aye, a hearth, cleft pine, a cheerful blaze :
Each lintel marks of constant smoke betrays.
As much we care for pinching Boreas here,
As wolves dense flocks, or floods th' embankment fear.

CORYDON.

Here junipers, and chesnuts hoar abound ;
Fruits, each its tree beneath, lie scattered round.
All wears a smile--let fair Alexis fly
These hills, you'll see the very fountains dry.

THYRSIS.

The field is parched, and shrunk the thirsty blade ;
Bacchus has grudged our hills the vine-leaf's shade :
Let Phyllis come, each grove shall bloom again ;
And Jove descend, confest in genial rain.

CORYDON.

Alcides poplars, Bacchus vines delight,
Fair Venus myrtles, Phœbus bays of right ;
The hazels Phyllis charm--if she commend,
Not hazels bay or myrtle shall transcend.

THYRSIS.

Ash most in woods, in gardens pine invites,
By rivers poplar, fir on mountain heights :
Fair Lycidas, more oft be guest of mine ;
And woodland ash excel, and garden pine.

MELIBŒUS.

I mind they strove, but Thyrsis vainly, thus ;
Thenceforth 'twas Corydon, 'twas Corydon for us !

ECLOGUE VIII.

DAMON and Alphes'bœus' rival lays,
Which the rapt heifer heard, nor cared to graze ;
While lynxes at the sound, with wonder thrilled,
And streams entranced their wonted currents stilled ;
Damon and Alphes'bœus' lays we sing.
Thou who o'er broad Tinavus' rocks dost spring
Or sweeps't th' Illyrian coast ; say, shall it be,
That feats of thine may find a bard in me ?
Shall I the wide world with thy numbers fill,
Sole numbers meet for Sophoclean skill ?

My first, last theme art thou : the strain receive
Thyself didst claim, and grant me to inweave
A. ivy chaplet with thy conquering bay.
When night's dank shadow scarce had passed away,
And sweetest seems to herds the dewy blade,
Thus Damon, 'gainst a tapering olive stay'd :
Rise Lucifer, lead on th' auspicious morn ;
While I complain, the sport of Nisa's scorn ;
And to the Gods, though reckless sure are they,
Once more appeal with dying breath,—the lay
Of Mœnalus, with me, my pipe essay.
Shrill pines has Mœnalus, and a whispering grove ;
And aye he lists the shepherds' tale of love,
And Pan who waked the silent reeds,—the lay
Of Mœnalus, with me, my pipe essay.
Then Mopsus Nisa weds ! shall lovers fear ?
With steeds will griffons mate, and timorous deer
In the next age with hounds to drink repair.

Fresh torches, Mopsus, cut :—the bride is there—
Strew nuts :—from **Œta Vesper** speeds,—the lay
Of **Mœnarus**, with me, my pipe essay.
O proud of such a lord ! while all beside
You treat with scorn, my flute and goats deride,
Nor can long beards, and shaggy brows abide ;
And think no God heeds things of earth,—the lay
Of **Mœnarus**, with me, my pipe essay.
You with your mother, in our crofts I spied,
A child a-gathering apples : (I was guide).
Then my twelfth year did first its hold maintain,
And I the branches from the ground could gain.
How at the sight, my heart died down !—the lay
Of **Mœnarus**, with me, my pipe essay.
Now know I Love ; on rugged cliffs the child
Tmaros or Rhodope, or Lybians wild,
Do nurse, of alien birth and race,—the lay
Of **Mœnarus**, with me, my pipe essay.

Fell Love the mother taught her hands t' imbrue
In children's blood ; yet mother, fierce were you :
Did she more rage, or he more guile betray ?
The boy was base, you, mother fierce---the lay
Of Mœnalus, with me, my pipe essay.
From sheep fly wolf ; with golden fruitage glow
Hard oaks ; on alder tree Narcissus blow ;
Rich amber from their rinds let tamarisks weep,
Owls vie with swans ; Arion of the deep,
Orpheus of woods let Tityrus be :---the lay
Of Mœnalus, with me, my pipe essay.
All be one boundless sea ! Ye woods, farewell !
Prone from yon cliff, I plunge where billows swell,
Take this my dying gift---forbear the lay
Of Mœnalus, my pipe, forbear to play.
Thus Damon : Alphes'bœus' song recal
Pierian maids,---not all things can we all.

Bring water ; round these shrines soft fillet bind,
Rich vervains burn and frankincense refin'd,
Till I some spell prepare, to turn the mind
Of my false swain---but charms we need ;---my charms
Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
By charms entranced, the moon from heaven descends :
By charms could Circe change Ulysses' friends :
Charmed in the meads, the cold snake bursts---my charms
Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
Three threads of triple hue, I round thee twine,
And thrice I draw thine image round the shrine.
Uneven numbers please the God---my charms
Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
Thrice twist three colours, and : " for Love's alarms
These bands I twist," Am'ryllis say :---my charms
Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
As clay to harden, wax to melt away,
One fire can make ; my love thus Daphnis sway !

Strew salt cakes, feed with pitch this blazing bay :
I Daphnis burn, who me has burnt---my charms
Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
So Daphnis pine, as when thro' wood and glade
A heifer faint to find her steer, has stray'd,
Then sinks on the green sedge, the stream beside,
Nor care to leave at waning eventide :
So pine---while I the balm withhold !---my charms
Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
The relics which that false one left with me,
Dear pledges ! in this threshold, Earth, to thee
I now consign, and Daphnis claim---my charms
Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
These herbs for me, these poisons Mœris chose,
In Pontus culled, where many a poison grows.
Changed to a wolf, by these I've seen him tread
The wilds, and from their graves evoke the dead,
And plant elsewhere th' uprooted corn ; -my charms

Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
Forth embers o'er thy head, Am'ryllis throw
In yonder brook, nor turn thee ; Daphnis so
I'll reach : nor Gods, nor spells he heeds--my charms
Draw from the town, draw Daphnis to my arms.
See ! while I linger, round the altar plays
Self-kindled, (bode it good !) a fitful blaze,
There's something--Hylax in the threshold bays !
Heard we ? or dream we lovers?---Cease my charms,
Cease, from the town speeds Daphnis to my arms.

ECLOGUE IX.

LYCIDAS.

WHITHER now, Mœris?—To the town, this way?

MŒRIS.

O Lycidas, we've lived to see the day,
We ne'er had thought to see : “ Your homes resign ”
An alien lord can say ; “ The lands are mine ! ”
We with poor grace, but all to fate must bend,
These kids to him, (bad luck go with them !) send.

LYCIDAS.

Why I had heard that all the wide champaign,
From where the hills first slope towards the plain,
Far as the stream, and beech with shrivelled head,
Menalcas' songs had saved, so well they sped.

MÆRIS.

Thou heard'st it,---true ;---But songs 'mid War's array
So, Lycidas, avail us, as, they say,
Chaonian doves, when th' eagle aims a blow.
And had not from yon holm, the boding crow
Forewarned us to avoid fresh cause of strife,
Nor Mœris, nor Menalcas' self had 'scaped with life.

LYCIDAS.

Breathes one so vile ? What ! do we scarce retain
Thyself Menalcas, and thy soothing strain ?
Who then would praise the Nymphs?---the ground with flow'rs

Would strew? or clothe the rills with leafy bow'rs?
Who tune the lay, by stealth, I heard thee sing,
While to my loved Am'ryllis journeying?
“Till I return ('tis short the journey) feed
“My she-goats, Tityrus, and to watering lead,
“And of that buck the while, he butts--beware.”

MŒRIS.

Or that to Varus, an unfinished air :—
“Thy name, O Varus, ours if Mantua be,
“So near Cremona, Mantua woe is thee!
“The tuneful swans shall raise to heaven on high.”

LYCIDAS.

So may thy swarms Cyrnean yew trees fly;
So teem with milk, thy kine, on sallows fed!
E'en do thy best--me too the Muses bred,

And I too verse compose ; a poet's name
The swains accord me, though I doubt my claim :
Nor meet for Varus or for Cinna deem
My songs ; 'mid swans a cackling goose I seem.

MCERIS.

Such, Lycidas my aim ; I muse thus long
If to recal it---'twas no vulgar song :
“ Come Galatea, why o'er Ocean bound ?
“ Here blooms the spring, and here, the streams around
“ Earth throws her flowers :---the aspen's silvery leaves
“ Droop o'er the grot, the vine a trellis weaves ;
“ Come ; and let seas chafe madly if they will.”

LYCIDAS.

What, that bright evening, did I hear thee trill ?
The air I mind, could I the words supply.

M RIS.

“ Why Daphnis thus the ancient signs descry ?

“ See Dionæan Cæsar’s star advance :

“ That star, ’neath which the crops with joy shall dance,

“ On sunny hills the grape fresh tints assume.

“ Graft, Daphnis, pears, which for thy sons unborn shall
bloom ”—

Age spares not e’en the mind ! in youthful prime,

The livelong day I’ve cheated with my rhyme.

Now all those songs are lost—from Mœris flies

His utterance :—Mœris sure did wolves surprise ;

But this same lay Menalcas oft shall frame.

LYCIDAS.

Such fond excuses but desire inflame.

See yon smooth surface not a ripple breaks,

And not one passing breath a murmur wakes.

And midway we are come : Bianor’s mound

Looms into view ; and pruners strew the ground
With leaves : here sing we, Mœris ; here lay down
The kids ; in season we shall reach the town.
Or, since a shower at night-fall we may fear,
We'll on our journey, and, the road to cheer,
Sing as we go ;---the bundle I will bear.

MŒRIS.

Urge me no more ; for bus'ness let us care,
We best shall sing, when he our song can share.

ECLOGUE X.

THIS my last labour, Arethusa speed.
Brief strains, but which Lycoris' self may read,
I frame ;—how strains deny, which Gallus craves ?
So, when thou glid'st beneath Sicilian waves,
No briny Doris blend with thine her stream !
Begin we, Gallus' loves the mournful theme,
The while our flat-nosed goats the saplings browse,
Nor sing we to the deaf ;—the woods each echo rouse.
What groves detained you, or what devious glade,
Ye Nymphs, when Gallus pined by love betray'd ?

Nor did Parnassus' hence, nor Pindus' steep,
Nor did Aonian Aganippe keep.
Him e'en the bays and tamarisks 'gan bemoan ;
Him pine-clad Mænarus, as he lay alone
Beneath the cliff, and chill Lycœus' heights of stone.
The sheep stand round, nor view they us with shame,
Nor blush thou, bard divine, the flock to claim ;
Adonis tended sheep, and he so fair !
The swain, and eke the tardy neatherds there,
And drench'd with wintery mast, Menalcas hied :
All " whence this love ?" demand ; Apollo cried :
" Why, Gallus, rave ? Lycoris, she who charms,
" Another seeks, 'mid snows and war's alarms."
Silvanus came, with rustic honours crown'd,
Gay fennel waving, and tall lilies round.
And Pan, Arcadia's God : whom we descried,
With elder's blood-red juice, and vermil dyed :
" Why all this grief ?" he said. " Love does not heed.

“ Tears cloy not Love ; as soon shall rills the mead,
“ The sallow bees, or browse the she-goats fill.”
He faltering thus : “ Yet ye the strain shall trill,
Your heights among, of matchless lore possest
Arcadians ! how my bones at peace might rest,
If but your flutes sometime my loves would tell !
Ah ! had it been my lot with you to dwell,
Had flocks of your’s, or vineyards been my care,
Then Phyllis, or Amyntas, or whoe’er
My flame (if dusk Amyntas is to view
The violets are black and bilberries too)
With me had lain on withes by vine o’erhung,
And Phyllis wreaths had twined, Amyntas sung.
Cool streams are here, Lycoris, meadows gay,
A grove :—here let us while our life away.
But madding passion drives thee hence afar,
To mix with foemen, in the strife of war.

ad,

Thou from thy home (alas ! that it is so !)
O'er Alpine snows, and frozen Rhine can'st go,
Nor wish me near ; ye frosts, to hurt forbear !
Those tender feet, ye icy causeways spare !
I'll get me hence, and tune Euphorion's strain
To the shrill pipe of the Sicilian swain ;
Yes, I'm resolved, the haunts of beasts I'll brave
In woods, and there my loves on saplings grave :
Thus with their growth, ye too, my loves, shall grow.
Now thronged with Nymphs to Mænalus I'll go :
Or hunt fierce boars ; no frosts my course shall stay
When I, with hounds, Parthenian glades survey.
Methinks o'er rocks and crackling woods I spring ;
And Parthian bows with Cretan arrows wing :
As though such remedies could bring me ease,
Or woes of man the insatiate God appease.
Now nor the Dryads, nor our songs delight :
Once more, ye woodlands, vanish from the sight,

Not all our pains his fell resolve can shake ;
Not if with Hebrus' ice our thirst we slake,
Or dare the rigour of Sithonian skies :
Not if, where parched the tall elm's verdure dies,
The Æthiop's flock we tend, 'neath Cancer's ray.
Love conquers all ; then let us Love obey.”
Enough, ye Muses, will your bard have sung,
As twining osiers, o'er his work he hung,
If ye but make the strain to Gallus dear :
Gallus, whose charms each hour as fresh appear,
As the green alder's shoots in early spring.
Up ! evening's shadow suits not those who sing :
Now junipers grow rank, and crops decay :
Hence, sated goats, lo ! Vesper, hence away.

